

THE GUIDON

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THE GUIDON.

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It is good that a day of Thanksgiving has gained national observance. It may be misused, and it is not to be expected that its true spirit will be largely appreciated, but it is something that its fitness is acknowledged, and there will be in the manner of its observance something to touch the impressionable heart of the young, and so to help in that elevation of humanity which is the end of all history, as God sees it. It is a good old fashion, stretching back to the Pentecostal feast of the Hebrews, and gaining its first recognition in America two hundred and seventy years ago. Resorted to on special occasions for a time, then established as a hallowed custom in New England, it gained its national life under Lincoln, and now seems firmly fixed as a permanent American acknowledgment of the truth that for our many blessings we owe thanks to the Almighty Giver.

There is reason in having a day set apart, and not assuming that great occasions alone demand our gratitude and praise. Are the daily, hourly blessings that make our life what it is, less deserving of a thankful heart, than the success of an army, or the deliverance from threatened disaster?

And there is a fitness in the striking object lesson of a bountiful dinner. It puts our blessings in a tangible form that appeals to

the most thoughtless. It affords also a simple and attractive opportunity for those who have abundance, to distribute to those less favored. Judging from the bountiful manner in which our charitable institutions were supplied this year, and the large number of indigent families provided with the national bird and customary trimmings, this sharing gains constantly as a part of the observance. This is entirely as it should be, and in proportion as it is emphasized the day will gain in value. Not the poor viands, welcome though they are, but the spirit of sympathy and helpfulness is the thing of real value, and anything that promotes this is the best possible help in solving one of the most troublesome problems of the time. The inequality of fortune, the inordinate wealth of some, and the abject want of others, children of a common Father, is a fact that tries us in many ways. Differences in lot we must expect, and right and justice are not to be looked for in a world in the making, but *such* differences as we see, and such injustice and wrong as we know exist, we cannot rest under with comfort. We seem powerless to right them, but we are not without power to modify and alleviate them. One individual can do little, but he can *do that little*. We need not wait for the changed social conditions that are so fancifully written up by impatient reformers. Bettered conditions will come, but they must be grown into. In the meantime let each individual who has a touch of sympathy in his heart give it play. Whether he be rich or poor, or neither, let him do what his hand finds to do, and if all will not be well, it will at least be better. And let there be no thought of charity, no condescending patronage of those whom we fancy below us. Let us first be just, then generous. Let us encourage those who are discouraged, and help with friendly sympathy those who need it. Let us treat our fellow men as though

brotherhood were a *fact* and not a theological fiction.

Now and then we are encouraged by an example that gives us a glimpse of what the world might be if such instances were more frequent. A lady of this city, enjoying an ample income, seems impressed with the belief that her wealth is not given for personal indulgence, but as a trust, and she uses it in such a manner that the good it does is greatly augmented by her personal sympathy and gracious kindness.

The larger gifts of a public nature are necessarily known and chronicled in the daily papers, but hundreds of kindly acts are never reported. When an endowment is provided for five scholarships for young women at the University of California, the authorities and the public must know it. When \$10,000 is given to a hospital for children, it cannot be hidden, but her thoughtful friendliness to acquaintances and strangers alike is unrecorded. She is wisely helpful, seeming to know the best thing to do, and the best way to do it. No weakening gifts that relieve individual responsibility, but judicious assistance that makes self-help possible, and never lessens self-respect. A worthy old gentleman, driven by poverty and friendlessness to the almshouse, is rescued and comfortably provided for in a private family, a struggling woman finds her burden lightened by the payment of her rent, a young woman of talent is sent abroad for training that will make her life independent, and so on. These are only a few accidental "leaks"—the story of the goodness of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst would fill many GUIDONS. What a paradise this might be if every one who *could* "go and do likewise" *would*! Thanksgiving day would take on a new meaning, and we should have indeed

"A new created world."

"Ask God to give thee skill
For comfort's art,
That thou may'st consecrated be,
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy!
For heavy is the weight of ill
For every heart,
And comforters are needed much
Of Christ-like touch."

THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS AT FUTAMI.

From Yamada and the shrine of the Sun-Goddess we went to Futami on the Bay of Owari, where we spent the night in a tea-house right on the beach. There, too, is another famous shrine. Just off the point southeast of the village are two large rocks lying a short distance from the shore out in the ocean. They are about as far from shore and about as high as Seal Rocks but are much steeper, and one rock is much higher than the other. They are consecrated to the worship of Salda, a sage who descended from Heaven in the time of Jimnu Tenno, a legendary Emperor of mythological times; these two rocks being the last two steps of the stairs by which he descended. The larger rock is crowned by a Torii or Shinto gateway, and a huge straw rope covered with gohei or symbolical pieces of white paper, stretches between the two rocks; all these, torii, straw rope and gohei, are sacred emblems of the Shinto religion. There is also a narrow cavern, probably worn by the sea-waves, which reaches in under the point, which is connected by legend with the earthly life of the Sun-Goddess. Perhaps it is the cave in which she hid herself so long, which is the story of a musical representation often performed in the Shinto temples. At all events, the cave contains a tiny shrine before which a light is always burning, and which is held in great reverence.

Returning to my story. As the sun was sinking to the tops of the hills, we started down the beach to the rocky point, and there stood a little boy perhaps eight years old, saying his prayers to the setting sun. He had his fan in his hand, from which he seemed to be reading, and his little tongue chanted the orisons over and over again as he folded and unfolded the leaves of his fan. I was much interested, for I had never before seen the worship of the setting sun; and I went to a little stand near by and bought a Kakimono which contained a picture of the Sun-Goddess, the Food-Goddess and the Wise Man that landed on the rocks, for I wanted something to remind me of that scene.

Next morning we were up bright and early

to see the sun rise, but long before I turned out I heard the crunch of the wooden shoes on the beach gravel as the pilgrims were passing on their way to adore the Goddess of Day. It was a lovely, bright, clear morning, and we bent our steps at once to the holy place. A narrow road, or rather a wide path, built up out of the sea, led around the base of the bold rocky point, and just around its tip you came upon the cave, when right in front of you stood the two big rocks. On a clear day, as you looked across the Bay of Owari from that point, you could see the snowy cone of Fuji, the holy mountain; and another time of year, the sun rising over, Fuji would have the holy rocks on either side, so that the pilgrim could adore in one act of worship all these sacred objects.

As we rounded the point, we came upon, perhaps, two hundred pilgrims, mostly women, waiting for the coming of Amaterasu—some standing, some sitting, some kneeling; a few were talking, but nearly all were chanting their prayers, some in a low voice, others in whispers. It was a very impressive scene to me; the still, fresh morning air, its silence unbroken except by the lapping of the waves at our feet and the murmur of prayer; the sea stretching away into the dim distance; the eternal rocks behind us, and in the centre of all this the group of expectant souls watching for the first gleam of the Goddess. As the moments came nearer and nearer, the voices gradually died out and a solemn hush came over us all as we strained our eyes to catch the first ray. Presently came a cry of joy, a sharp eye had caught a glimpse of the Goddess, and there rose a general shout of rejoicing. I could see in the mist a dim sickle of blood-red as the monarch rose in her majesty, then in a few moments more a blood-red ball was hanging over the sea. Fuji was hidden by the mist; but then I understood, as never before, the meaning of the blood-red ball in the white ground of the Japanese flag, and why they delight to call their beautiful country the "land of the Rising Sun." These worshippers combined in one act the love of beauty, of country, and of God. They

adored in one the beneficent dispenser of their physical blessings, the Divine ancestors of the Mikado, and the most majestic object in nature.

I have often been in church and cathedral on solemn occasions; I have seen processions, and listened to chant or mass; but no picture in my experience evoked the solemn awe of that moment when, from the dimness of the sea-mist the Goddess of Day first showed herself to her worshippers at Futami.

H. D.

THE LOS ANGELES CONFERENCE.

It seems too late to give a detailed account of the Conference at Los Angeles. It has been well reported in the *Christian Register*, and if our readers do not also read the *Register* they ought to. The Conference as a whole was a successful one. It was well planned, having the merit of a consistent idea that ran through the several sessions. Perhaps the greatest fault was its being crowded with too many papers—giving too little time for deliberation. It seems practically impossible to avoid this.

The most interesting fact was the participation of three ministers from Southern California, who had before been Congregationalists, but who at the Conference came fairly over to our ground and occupied it with an ease and naturalness that showed they felt at home and meant to stay. A paper by Rev. R. N. Webster of Long Beach, "Bridging the Chasm," was particularly enjoyed, and will be printed for general distribution.

One practical step in which we feel much interest was the formation of a Sunday School Union, referred to elsewhere. A resolution of endorsement of THE GUIDON, and an appeal for its support, was unanimously passed.

The Women's Conference held an interesting session, at which several excellent papers were read. Mrs. S. K. Lothrop of Alameda County was elected President.

Our society was represented by Dr. Stebbins, Mr. and Mrs. David Heap, Miss Ruth Campbell and Mrs. Hilarion Duncan.

"INTRODUCING MONSIEUR VICTOR."

This is to introduce to the members of the Onward Club my friend Victor —; I am sorry I cannot remember his last name, but when he presents my card, and you look into his two blue eyes and see him smile, you will know him and like him, I am sure. It was in this way that I met him in Southern France last spring.

We had started from Avignon that morning, George and I, to make Tarascon before night. We had lunched in the queer little town of Graveson, crossed the canal that runs through the center of its one little street, and had struck out on our afternoon's tramp, the last ten miles of the distance. This was a flat, dusty road in the river valley, between the Rhone and the railroad; warm and uninteresting enough, that April day. When we first heard the clapping of sabots on the hard road behind us, we decided to make a little spurt and keep ahead of our unknown pursuer. So we walked along without turning around, luring him on by frequently slackening our pace, and then driving ahead, just before he caught up. The rattle of the wooden shoes was always a little behind, however, and followed us patiently for almost half an hour. Then our curiosity overcame us, and we stopped the game and waited till he came up. I was heartily ashamed of myself when this star-eyed lad approached, panting a little from his race, but eager for our companionship.

He was only sixteen years old, and had a bright fresh face that won our hearts at once. His French was excellent, I know, for I could understand a great deal of what he said! And when I couldn't quite catch his meaning, he would repeat slowly, an expedient so simple that few foreigners ever think of adopting it. He said he came from the Department of L'Allier—"where they spoke the true French, much purer than in Paris"—whose *patois* he held in high disdain. He was a carpenter, and had walked all the way from his home bound for Marseilles, where he intended to ship for the Argentine, as there was free emigration from there to Buenos Ayres. We became more and

more interested in Victor as we tramped along, and soon we were fast friends; he chatted on blithely, while I made a running translation to George. He was delighted to have some one to talk to, and wanted to know all about America and "Neuf York." Really his intelligence was refreshing. I gave him a one-cent piece, and he neither returned it with a shrug, saying, "But, Monsieur, foreign money is not good in France!" like the boy in Givors, nor did he ask if the Indian's head was a portrait of the "Queen of America," as did the proprietress of the café in Avignon; but he smiled and said, "An American *sou*,—thank you for the souvenir,"—a fair pun, in French.

He showed us his *livret*, a little book which every workman is obliged to carry for purposes of identification. It contained a description of his person, and certificates from his past employers, and such other information that after reading it we felt pretty well acquainted. He retaliated by asking all about us, especially our ages and if we were married. All of our answers surprised him immensely; he had taken us for workmen like himself (you should have seen our costume), and the fact that we were tramping through the country merely for pleasure rather astonished him. Now we had prided ourselves on having made the trip rather cheaply, as our expenses had averaged but sixty cents a day, but after his advice we felt wofully extravagant. For to travel *à la Victor*,—listen: When you reach a village go to the Commissionaire of Police, show your *livret*, and he will give you a place to sleep on the straw free, or ask the first man where a traveler can lodge; at these places you can get a cot for five cents, and a *portion* of soup for five more; for the rest, a loaf of bread in one pocket, and some dried figs in the other, and a pump in every commune, and you can do Southern France at twenty-five cents a day, and ask no favors.

As we drew near Tarascon, our canny friend opened the bundle he had carried on a stick over his shoulder (like Whittington in the picture books) and changed his sabots for good leather shoes. We invited him to

dine with us that day, and he lost no time in accepting. But first he must cross the river and visit his mother's grave in the cemetery of Beaucaire. So, after a deal of unintelligible French on my side, and a written explanation on his, we arranged to rendezvous on the famous bridge in an hour.

George and I secured a room at "the Emperors' Hotel" (for we wanted to create an impression), and I met Victor and invited him to spend the night with us, also. I went across to Beaucaire with him to where he had found a place in a little cross street, and waited while he plunged into a doorway to get his effects. There was a sign; "*Riqueau: Logeur*," and I was sorry not to have shared his quarters instead of asking him to ours; it would have been another experience.

We were proud of him at dinner (until he drank his gravy from his plate), for he had gotten himself up so as to quite eclipse us. His bundle had furnished him such rare neckware as we had not premised; he had cunningly located the hotel blacking-brush in its retreat; his hair was elaborately arranged, and he was a comely youth at any time. He discussed his half of that six-franc dinner with an ill-concealed relish, but when I asked him afterward how he liked it, the young hypocrite said, "Oh, *comme ça, comme ça*" (so-so.)

We were tired that day, and we went to bed early. To bed, indeed—but not to sleep for many an hour yet. How we did talk that night! Two boarding-school girls never gossiped so gaily. I had never believed I was capable of so much French; not that I did not frequently give out at the crisis of some excited description; but we were in a gale of enthusiasm that swept all such little obstacles out of the way. We talked most of books, and I was surprised that he had read so much, and that we could meet on common ground. Dumas and the immortal Three Guardsmen cemented our friendship; and we raved over Doré's slashing statue of d'Artagnan in the Place de Malherbes in Paris. He had not read *Les Misérables*, but had seen it acted; he knew *File 113* and

Tartarin (in whose city we were resting), but his delight was in the Indian stories he had read—one in particular he told me of: "*A Paris Gamin's Trip around the World*," and I described the dreaded "Apash" brave, and the Mormons, as well as I could.

In the morning we took the road again, and as his route to Marseilles lay in our direction, we set out together to tramp through sunny Provence, the land of poetry and romance, and the home of the troubadours. We walked till noon between the dull red hedges, catching glimpses of masses of rose-colored almond blossoms beyond, and the white flowers of the olive showing through the brilliant leaves in pale green clouds—and felt in our faces the first warm breath of the Mistral.

But in passing San Remy, Victor went into a carpenter's to inquire the way, and, after a little, came out smiling, to say he had been offered work, and had decided to go no further for awhile. So we parted, after promising to meet again in San Francisco, where now I am always on the lookout for him. And all I have to prove the truth of my story is the rag of paper upon which he had scrawled, in Tarascon:

"*Attrande vers le pont du Rhône dans 1 heure.*"

F. G. B.

The Christmas Festival of Pilgrim Sunday School will be held in Union Square Hall on Tuesday, December 22. The hall will be open at four o'clock for the children, and games and dancing will amuse the little ones until about six, when supper, kindly provided by the ladies of the Society for Christian Work, will be served to all. Contrary to the usual custom, Santa Claus and his band of young Santas will distribute gifts from the Christmas trees before the play, instead of after it. The play, which will follow at eight o'clock, has been written for this occasion, and will be a new departure in Christmas entertainment. It is called "The Swineherd—a Fairy Masque." Dancing will follow the play, and continue until one o'clock.

The entire festival will be in the hands of the Onward Club.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

It is common for us in the enjoyment of great blessings not to realize how great they are ; they become a "matter of course" to us, and we accept them as a part of the order of things. But Religious Liberty has cost a great price, and the lives of heroes and saints have been laid down for it in every age, and the blood of the martyrs has flowed in streams of redeeming grace, to rescue the mind from the tyranny of superstition and ecclesiastical power. The growth of liberty is identical with the progress of mankind, and religious liberty is the seed of all liberty, inasmuch as it establishes authority in the mind itself, and appeals to reason as the final empire of all truth.

Religious Liberty is in two kinds : First, freedom from laws and exactions establishing uniformity of belief, and imposing assessments upon goods and estates for the support of religious or ecclesiastical institutions. Religion is a personal matter in a sense so profound that it cannot be forced upon anybody, and its contribution to society must be through the voluntary virtue of individuals. Society can be no better than the individuals that compose it, and religion has nothing to do with society as such, but with individual men, who can make society no better than themselves. Freedom from exactions of belief and exactions of goods, through law, is a concession to the individual right of the mind, and recognizes that fundamental moral freedom that is vested in free will. With us there is no law establishing opinion, and there is no law establishing exactions for the defence or support of that opinion—or of any opinion. We can hardly appreciate this great inheritance, born into it as we are ; but it is the outcome of centuries. Christianity has been promulgated by civil power, but there has always been a principle working within it, freeing it from that power and establishing it in the individual soul, as the voice of reason and faith.

Imagine a proclamation of religious belief by the State in alliance with the Church. Let any creed be promulgated by such authority. Nicæan, Athanasian, Constantino-

politan, or the latest pronunciamiento of a protestant Presbytery or Synod, and a tax levied to support its formal administration. A cry would go up from the common outraged conscience. To attain this freedom from civil power has been the travail of centuries.

But there is another phase of religious liberty to which this is only the first step and introduction. The different creeds of Christendom are attempts to establish uniformity of belief through the authority of formulated opinion. These attempts are failures. Creeds of all sorts have claimed to set forth the whole truth, as if truth were a concluded fact and revelation ended. But there is no final revelation, and the enlightened mind refuses to adopt a system that must inevitably be adjudged vain. There is no theoretical solution of religion, and no statement of its contents that will satisfy every experience. Faith cannot be prescribed ; a man must believe what he thinks to be true, and no man can hold as true what his mind finds to be untrue. Liberty is at once the simplest and the sublimest form of faith, leaving the soul to communion with God and the moral discernment of right and wrong. This is the final spiritual freedom of all the sons of God.

Let those receive it who are able to receive it ; and let those who are not able to receive it take the alternative, as Matthew Arnold puts it :

"Man is blind because of sin ;
Revelation makes him sure,
Without that, who looks within,
Looks in vain, for all's obscure."

Nay, look closer into man !
Tell me, can you find indeed
Nothing sure, no moral plan
Clear prescribed without your creed ?

"No, I nothing can perceive ;
Without that, all's dark for men.
That, or nothing, I believe,"
For God's sake believe it then !

The day is dawning, and the summits are touched by its light. Let us accord to every one all the liberty he is able to receive. To the Roman Catholic, liberty to have no liberty if he choose it so ; to the Protestant, liberty to prescribe beliefs to those who want

them, but let there be a realm of more perfect liberty, liberty of the lone soul with the lone God, whose conscience streams its glories upon the heights of consecrated will. This is liberty, law, reason, faith and love.

Thank God for his providence and grace! Thank God for his eternal power! for day and night, winter and summer, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat! Praise him old men and children; praise him young men and maidens; let all the people praise him who hath called you to the glorious liberty of the Sons of God.—HORATIO STEBBINS.

THE UNITARIAN CLUB.

The subject under discussion at the November meeting of the Unitarian Club of California was "Educational Methods," and it served to call out a large attendance. Mr. Frank J. Symmes, the President of the Club, presided, and at the close of the dinner introduced David Starr Jordan, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, as the essayist of the evening.

President Jordan had prepared a carefully written paper that touched upon the problems of education, upon university extension, upon specialization in college work and upon the long discussed and still undecided question of election in university work. He advocated the greatest possible liberalism on the part of college authorities toward students in the choice of subjects to be pursued, and he urged that they should be permitted to choose rather than be directed, whenever possible. In order that such a policy, the highest and best in modern educational methods, may be productive of the the greatest good, the discipline of the student in the preparatory schools must be of the best.

In opening the discussion which followed, Professor Bernard Moses, of the University of California, gave a brief account of the rise and progress of modern universities. During the middle ages the curriculum of the schools was limited to Theology. Later, Law was added; then the

Humanities; later, by a considerable interval, Natural Science, and at a comparatively recent period, Political History and Political Economy. In its expansion of academy and common school instruction, the United States probably stands first, and in our own times there has been a great revival of University going. In the middle ages men flocked to the universities, because in them all knowledge then attained was taught; now there is so much knowledge that there is need of the guiding influence which the University can give. Another phase of recent educational progress, due in large measure to the lack of time and opportunity, which many who desire knowledge in various branches possess, is the University extension movement, which in England, and quite lately in America, has attained gratifying success.

Mr. Horace Davis spoke for a few minutes upon the elective system. He thought that young men of eighteen did not as a rule know what choice to make in studies. It is a common thing for young men to change their purpose as to their life work many times. Mr. Davis believed that a combination of the two systems of required and elective studies furnished the best solution of the question.

The subject was further discussed by Prof. M. W. Haskell, of the University of California, and Prof. M. B. Anderson, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, who considered the general subject in many phases. The evening was a very enjoyable one, and made a good opening for the second club year.

Rev. Richard Armstrong, of Liverpool, speaks in the *Inquirer* of Dr. Horatio Stebbins of San Francisco as "the most massive and kindling personality of the Conference—a man of Carlylean type, but with an eye that told of unique thoughts moving through the virile brain. Spare, tall, sixty, he moved and spoke as a chief among men. He is doing mighty work in the Far West."—CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

CHANNING NOTES.

A pleasant reception was held on Saturday afternoon, November 21, from two to five, in the Unitarian Church parlors, in honor of Mrs. S. K. Lothrop, the newly elected President of the Women's Unitarian Conference of the Pacific Coast. The ladies of the Channing Auxiliary entertained the ladies from the sister branches in Oakland, Alameda and San José, as well as the members of the Society for Christian Work. There were about seventy ladies present; every one was in good spirits, and it was a delightful occasion; the rooms were charmingly decorated with ferns and flowers, and bright fires glowed on the hearths, softening the first crisp feeling of Autumn in the air.

Just before tea was served, Miss Easton introduced Mrs. Lothrop, general introductions having preceded this. Mrs. Lothrop made a brief speech, full of fine feeling, and cordial interest in all the branches. Light refreshments followed, and closed a most enjoyable afternoon.

"The Wayside-Inn Calendar," planned and brought out by the ladies of the Channing Auxiliary, has just made its appearance, and a daintier year's companion it would be hard to find. The twelve inns, occupying each a card six by nine inches, are reproductions of taverns famous in song and story. The pen and ink sketches were prepared by two young artists of San Francisco, Miss Nellie A. Stearns and Mr. Bruce Porter, and are especially graceful and artistic. Some of the best known inns represented are the "Boar's Head, in Eastcheap," the scene of the mad revels of Prince Hal and the immortal Falstaff; the Mermaid Tavern, sacred to the memory of Raleigh, Shakspere, Beaumont, Fletcher and "rare Ben Jonson;" Don Quixote's Inn, and the "Wayside Inn" in Sudbury, Mass., "a place of slumber and of dreams," immortalized by Longfellow.

One quaint feature of the drawings is the "tokens," or "farthings," scattered here and there through the pages, which are reproductions of those issued by the inns, redeemable in draughts of foaming ale.

The cards are fastened in place by a slender band of white leather, knotted to form a loop for hanging, and giving the last tasteful finish to a very graceful and interesting souvenir.

SAILORS' LEND-A-HAND CLUB.

"Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in,
And lend a hand."

The first Lend-a-hand Club to organize in our church, and to be registered by Mrs. Whitman, was the "Sailors' Lend-a-hand Club," composed of Channing and church members, with the following officers: President, Mrs. E. M. Everett; Secretary, Mrs. N. E. Boyd; Treasurer, Mrs. H. Stebbins.

A dozen flannel shirts were made by friends, from a bolt of flannel given by Dr. Stebbins, and proved very acceptable to the seven surviving sailors of the "Elizabeth," wrecked just outside the Golden Gate, Feb. 21, 1891. Eight dollars was given for turkey on New Year's Day; and a wagonful of magazines, a fine-framed engraving from our Sunday School Superintendent, and numerous lesser gifts have been among the generous donations to this society. On August 14 Miss Atkinson entertained eight English sailor boys at a musicale in her lovely home, and another merry evening was spent at Mrs. Crocker's house, late in August. On October 14 Mrs. R. H. Pratt and Mrs. Carl, of the "Channing Auxiliary," entertained some of the young English apprentices, several of whom sang fine solos. One said it was like home to see again the interior of a drawing-room with paintings and bric-a-brac. We are glad to notice that one of the Episcopal churches here has issued an elegantly printed card, with an anchor on it, inviting the apprentices of the English ships in port to their church socials. K. P. S. B.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

It is a very old axiom that in union there is strength, and it is a truth of universal application. There must of course be something to be united before there can be any union. Regarding Sunday Schools, it is not very long ago since on this coast there was

but one, and it had to flock together all by itself; but the last number of THE GUIDON chronicles 19, and one has since reported, so that we can now count 20. This is encouraging as raw material for organization.

Some time since, a circular was issued asking returns of the Pacific Coast Sunday Schools, and responses have been received from 17 schools—Fresno, Los Angeles and Pomona not having reported. From the returns received the following items are selected: Number of scholars, 1663; number of teachers, 149; volumes in library, 4180; amount received for school purposes, \$1278; infant classes, 14; bible classes, 14; using graded lessons, 10; holding teachers' meetings, 7; favoring a Sunday School Union, *every one*—most of them "heartily," or "emphatically."

The query as to the most urgent need of the school brought out some interesting and suggestive replies. Here are a few samples:

"Enthusiasm—A true conception of what it exists for;" "Organization—Willing teachers, a simple singing collection;" "Teachers;" "More good teachers;" "More library books;" "All kinds of books;" "Better Infant Class accommodations, an orchestra;" "A church or house of our own to hold school in;" "A Superintendent with plenty of time at his disposal;" "Pupils;" "Lesson leaves for each scholar."

Some of these wants can be helped by the Union, others will remain a challenge to the individual school.

Most of the schools are using graded lessons, following with such modifications as circumstances compel the course recommended by the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Last August the school at San Francisco prepared a schedule of lessons for the year beginning September 6th, based upon a modification of the Boston system, dividing the school into three grades instead of nine, and throwing the bulk of the school into the middle grade, and giving a general lesson with a memory text. These lessons were intended to accompany Brown's "Life of Jesus," and were well calculated for a uni-

form lesson course for a small school. Pilgrim Sunday School offered to supply any school with them, free of charge. Seven schools are now using them, and others have expressed their intention of accepting the offer, which is still open. In the two schools in San Francisco the course has given a new impulse to the work, and it is hoped that by another year a course may be prepared which will still better supply the general need.

At the Los Angeles Conference, after a discussion of the advantage and necessity of such an organization, the Unitarian Sunday School Union was formed. The purpose of the society is to promote the interest of Sunday Schools on the Pacific Coast; to stand in the same relation to them that the Conference does to the churches; to encourage the formation of new schools; to supply the wants of the weak and to strengthen and help all thorough conference, consultation and united action. It will be a central body through which those who wish to help the Sunday School cause can contribute, the directors using their judgment as to where the need is greatest. The annual membership is \$1. from any active Sunday School worker, and \$5 for an honorary membership from any one not connected with a Sunday School. Contributions are also solicited from churches and individuals.

Any Sunday School represented in membership by one or more of its members is deemed as belonging to the Union and entitled to any assistance it may be able to give.

Each school retains full control over its own affairs, with liberty of choice in any course of study or other action recommended by the Board of Directors.

A meeting will soon be held to complete the organization by the selection of officers.

This Union is intended not to supplant the Unitarian Sunday School Society, but to supplement it. That body does valuable work in publishing text-books, a school paper, etc., but does not attempt in any way to organize new Sunday Schools or aid weak ones.

THE NEW CHURCH AT OLYMPIA.

It is true, it does not look like a church. That is, not much. It looks as if it were built for several uses, and it was. From the kitchen in the basement to the pastor's study in what corresponds to the third story in the tower, every inch and corner nearly is built to be used, in not one but many ways, and on not one but many days. First is the basement, a few feet below the level of the street. Before that, under it rather, is the foundation, which, if it is not "on a rock," is not our fault. As the workmen in excavating for the foundation found a peat bog, the best foundation we could get was piles, sixty odd altogether, some of them driven to a depth of over twenty feet. On top of these piles were placed caps of heavy timbers, and on these the frame was built. A brick casement, cemented, encloses the lower part of the building, extending from the foundation to the surface of the earth. Otherwise the building is of wood.

Now, the basement once more. The principal part of it is not the kitchen, which is only 14 feet by 26. The greater part is an auditorium 50 feet by 72, divided by sliding doors, so that it can be used for two large Sunday School class-rooms, as desired. Opening into this auditorium is the lobby or foyer, 11 feet by 34, suitable for a class-room, reading room, club room or library. Opening into this again is a vestibule, 7½ feet by 17, adjoining which is a gentleman's cloak-room of the same size.

Going up stairs, you may ascend either the narrow stairway in the rear or the large one in front, near the corner which supports the tower. Suppose you choose the broader way, a few steps take you to a landing, from which you can either pass out upon the street or go up stairs. Beside this entrance to the auditorium up stairs, there are three others from the outside, the largest one fronting Ninth street, near its intersection with Franklin street. So the church has an "abundant entrance."

Passing up the broad steps from the main entrance outside, you first enter a vestibule, 7x11 feet, which opens upon a foyer and

ladies' cloak-room, 7 feet by 25. Then you pass to the auditorium, a large, well lighted room, with high ceiling, showing supporting trusses, and two large windows facing each of the two streets. The auditorium is nearly square, being in outlines 48 by 50 feet. It has an inclined floor to within a few feet of the rear, and faces a platform or stage 14x25 feet, which is flanked on one side by a dressing-room 12x12, and on the other by a choir alcove of like dimension. Then there is a large gallery in semi-circular form, capable of furnishing 175 sittings. This, with the main auditorium, which can accommodate 400, together with the foyer, would easily accomodate 600 on special occasions. The auditorium and gallery are both to be seated in the same style of opera chairs.

The pastor's study in the tower commands inspiring views of the city, forest, mountain and bay, and it is as it should be, a nesting place for sound and wholesome, broad-gauge views.

The building will be lighted by electricity and heated by steam. Completely furnished, the present indications are that it will not cost over \$7,000. The architect, who is also the foreman, is Mr. A. T. Large, of Los Angeles, Cal., and he is receiving many compliments for the excellent design and rapid and effective execution of the same.

The building will be ready for opening services early in December. N. H.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL EXPERIMENT.

The following account of how our people in San José are conducting their Sunday School is very interesting, in view of the besetting difficulty of a Sunday School manager—the lack of teachers:

"Our school is organized on a new basis. We had great difficulty in getting reliable teachers. So we have abandoned classes; have divided the school into four groups—The Kindergarten, or Children's Group; the Boys and Girls; the Young People, including young married people, and the Assembly, or older people's group. It is called the "Sunday School and Assembly." The first two groups have each a Superintend-

ent and two assistants. The third has a Superintendent, who arranges for a special teacher each Sunday. The older group has a Superintendent and a committee of five to arrange topics, etc.

Our new order works finely so far. School has increased from about twenty to a hundred and twenty-five. N. A. H."

THE COOKERY BLUE BOOK.

The ladies of the Society for Christian Work have been struggling with the problem: How to get their required income without resorting to that epitome of work and worry—a church bazar. They have apparently solved it by making several light and easy attacks instead of one grand *overpowering* assault. They first had an evening of "Picturesque Photography," which was pleasant and mildly profitable, and a few weeks later came the "Apron Sale," and a simple one-day's lunch. Of course it brought a drenching rain, but that was not enough to make it a failure.

The luncheon, which was served in the church dining-room, beautifully decorated for the occasion, met with a warmth of reception that took by storm the ladies of the society, and the pretty girls from the Onward Club who waited on table. For two hours seats were at a premium, and a constant succession of hungry guests was served, until salads, ices, sandwiches and coffee gave out, one after another, and the latest comers found little but bread and water and a hearty welcome.

The aprons were articles of real value, and being offered at not above their real value, they sold. At this sale a beginning was made on their final resource,—the profit from the publication of a cook-book. The reputation of our cooks and housekeepers is established. Whatever their theology, their cooking is orthodox. A committee of ladies collected and selected the best receipts obtainable for good cooking, including the full dinner courses, breakfast dishes and delicacies of all kinds. They call their collection "The Cookery Blue Book," and it makes a handsome, portly little book. It

sells for 50 cents, and if you do not find it elsewhere, send to THE GUIDON and get it. A dollar will pay a year's subscription and buy the book, postage included.

"MORE BORROWINGS."

Shortly before Christmas, 1889, the ladies of the Unitarian Church in Oakland, issued a small volume of selections which they called "Borrowings." It consisted of short selections of both prose and poetry, not arranged by topic, but thrown together with the apparent carelessness with which a gifted woman makes a bouquet. Here a bit of sentiment, there a sprig of humor, now a lofty thought, again a touch of homespun wisdom. Its acceptance was instant and pronounced. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it has been the most successful book published on the Pacific Coast.

Encouraged by this, and wishing to profit by popularity achieved, the ladies have made an entirely new book of selections, larger and perhaps better than the first. It is called "More Borrowings," and has been made as pretty a book as seemed possible. It is bound in delicate gray cloth, ornamented with silver, and in white and gold, and is neatly boxed ready for mailing. It retails for 75 cents, and is especially suitable for a holiday gift.

CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCES.

It is proposed to divide the Christmas observance of our Sunday School this year. The festival on Tuesday, the 22d, is noticed elsewhere. On Sunday evening, 27th, we expect to hold a service in the church, using a musical program especially prepared by the Sunday School Society of Boston, and adding short addresses appropriate to the occasion. We wish to enforce the religious meaning of Christmas, and also by more frequent services for the children in the church to habituate them to attendance there, that they may look forward to regular church-going when they outgrow the Sunday School.

CHAT.

THE GUIDON presents each subscriber with four extra pages this month. If we could, like Alice in Wonderland, increase our size by nibbling on anything handy, we would reach this station and keep it,—till we were ambitious for further growth. The right side of a toad-stool would suffice with little Alice, but we must have more substantial diet—to wit, *subscribers*.

The many friends of Rev. A. W. Jackson will be glad to know that he is well, and hard at work on his *Life of Martineau*. His visit to England was a very satisfactory one, and though he feels more and more the magnitude of his undertaking, as the work progresses, he feels an increasing love for it and interest in it, that if his life and health are spared, may be trusted to bring it to a happy conclusion. This year will see ten chapters completed. Mr. Jackson with his family is pleasantly settled at Concord, Mass.

Our church was closed on Thanksgiving Day, Dr. Stebbins taking part in the Union Service at Oakland. Some of our people gave thanks in the open air, at the Park and elsewhere, the exceeding loveliness of the day making it easy to be grateful. A few gathered at the Home of the Boys and Girls Aid Society to see its little family enjoy a truly bountiful dinner. The children were well-behaved, and devoted themselves so strictly to business, that plates soon lost their heaped-up-ness and became suggestively clean. Satisfactory as it is to see them comfortably cared for, one is haunted by sorrow that a real family home is denied them—even for the brief time they are kept there.

As time goes on and we gain a larger view of what the society is accomplishing, more and more satisfaction is found. The Superintendent and his wife attended the Conference at Los Angeles, and for a day and a night were handsomely entertained by one of their former wards, who had married a worthy young man, and now lives in her own house in that city. And on the way home, at a

little station in the great valley, two children met them with gifts of fruit and flowers, having come five miles to greet the friends who had cared for them and found them a good home.

The Ten-times-one Clubs in the Sunday Schools are multiplying, and do much to increase interest and promote acquaintance.

The selection of a name for the newly-formed club is a matter of great moment. The children choose this for themselves, and their suggestions are interesting and instructive. One teacher was much pleased a week or so ago at a little girl who proposed that their club should be called the K. Y. T. "And what do the letters stand for?" the teacher asked. "The Keep Your Temper Club," the child replied.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Rev. Thos. Van Ness, immediately on his return from the Los Angeles Conference, started on a tour of observation and hard work. He went first to Denver, and thence to the great State of Washington. He preached in Seattle on the morning of November 24th and in Tacoma in the evening. During the following week he visited Puyallup and Ocosta, and on Sunday, December 1st, preached in Salem, Oregon. In the next GUIDON he will give an account of his trip.

OAKLAND.—Everything is healthy and vigorous here. The church services are well attended. The Sunday evening lectures on musical composers crowded the church to its utmost capacity, and many were turned away. The course of lectures by Professor Howison is being well attended, and the schedule of the Starr King Fraternity stretching into next May is full of good things in store. The Union service on Thanksgiving day was much enjoyed by a large congregation, and a collection of \$150 was taken, to be used in the relief of the poor.

ALAMEDA.—Rev. Mr. Dodson is steadily winning his way in the promising society at Alameda, and making his mark as a thoughtful, bold and earnest preacher. The evening service is given over to lectures from

various Professors from the Universities. Professor Barnes seems to have especially impressed his hearers. President Jordan of Stanford gave a comprehensive address on education on the 22d.

BERKELEY.—The little flock is undiscouraged, though sadly needing a shepherd. Professor Haskell has been very devoted to the pastorless people. It is understood that Rev. Mr. Payne, formerly the Congregational preacher at Berkeley, and now a Unitarian of the Unitarians, preaching at Leominster, Mass., has been called.

SAN JOSE.—Affairs here seem steadily prosperous. Mr. Haskell is the kind of man who gains a notch at a time, and never slips back. Before many months we expect to present a cut and description of the new church building.

PORTLAND.—Under the auspices of the Pacific Unitarian Conference and Rev. T. L. Eliot's Church at Portland, Oregon, aided by the American Unitarian Association, a new liberal movement has been begun at Portland among the Scandinavians. Rev. John L. Erickson, until recently pastor of the Norwegian Methodist congregation in that city, having grown into larger religious views, has entered our ranks, and brought with him many of his fellow countrymen, who number about 8,000 in that city. Mr. Erickson is a man of sterling character and earnest convictions, and there is promise of a vigorous society springing from this movement.

A RESUMÉ.

At the Los Angeles Conference Mr. Van Ness made a report of the general condition of our churches up and down the coast, and a resumé of what had been accomplished during the last two years. The following report is taken from a Los Angeles paper:

The towns of Fairhaven and Whatcom, near the entrance of Puget Sound, were opened to the cause by the pioneer work of Rev. Mr. Copeland and Miss Bartlett. The society has had presented to it two choice building lots, worth \$2000, on condition of building by July, 1892. A society has been formed at Puyallup, near Tacoma, and a church organized there with Rev. H. Haugerud as pastor.

In Olympia, in 1889, there was no organization;

but a church was organized in 1890, and Rev. N. Hoagland is the pastor. The church has property bringing in \$1000 a year, and its church building is nearly completed, the property being valued at \$17,000, with not much over \$6500 debt. It has a live Sunday school and literary club.

The Seattle Unitarian church has been opened since the Portland conference, but by a series of changes cannot make as good a showing as was expected, although the debt has been slightly reduced. The value of the church property is \$8700 and the debt is \$1500.

Tacoma has shared somewhat of the same misfortune as Seattle, but the superintendent feels that it is one of the society's best points.

Spokane, although isolated, has a flourishing church, to which Rev. Mr. Wilson has been called as pastor.

Passing to Oregon, Mr. Van Ness says that little need be said of Portland, where the church is flourishing, the march of progress finding its property almost in the business center. In Salem, the capital, a church has been permanently established.

Coming to California, Mr. Van Ness refers to the new movement around San Francisco, where good work has been done in Alameda, Berkeley, Oakland, San Francisco and San Jose, and where the church and various adjuncts are growing and extending their usefulness.

Coming south, the society at Fresno is mentioned as an instance of what earnest laymen can do, it being a strong and vigorous church. Great changes have been wrought at Santa Barbara by Rev. P. S. Thacher in the last two years, it being to-day one of the most influential societies in the State.

In Pomona there has been a series of misfortunes, but the church is now progressing, and there is a hearty and hopeful feeling among the people.

Strong and admirable work has been done in San Bernardino, and no organization in this section is more vigorous than the Unity of San Bernardino.

The church debt of San Diego is now provided for, and it has brought about new energy and a better church attendance. The mission at Santa Ana has been given up.

Under Mr. Thompson's leadership the church at Los Angeles hopes soon to erect a new church.

Subjoined to the report was a tabulated financial statement of the condition of the churches at the various points in California, Washington and Oregon, from which it is ascertained that the total property owned in 1889 was \$287,750. The total debt in 1889 was \$36,289. The total property in 1891 is \$434,990, and the total debt \$65,090.

This is certainly a satisfactory showing, and is testimony both to the activity of the Superintendent and to the readiness of the people of the West to sustain a reasonable faith.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CALIFORNIA.

ALAMEDA.—First Unitarian Church, Masonic Temple, corner Park and Alameda Streets. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

REV. GEO. R. DODSON, Pastor.

BERKELEY.—First Unitarian Society, Odd Fellows Hall, opposite the Berkeley station. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

FRESNO.—Unity Society, Barton's Opera House. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School after morning service.

REV. S. A. GARDNER (Independent), Pastor.

LOS ANGELES.—Church of the Unity, Los Angeles Theatre. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. Young People's Meeting at 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

REV. J. S. THOMSON, Pastor.

NATIONAL CITY.—Unitarian Society, Kimball's Hall. Services every Sunday at 3 P. M.

REV. B. F. McDANIEL, Acting Pastor.

OAKLAND.—First Unitarian Church, corner 14th and Castro Streets. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:45 A. M.

REV. CHAS. W. WENDTE, Pastor.

POMONA.—The Unitarian Church, Opera House, corner Third and Thomas Streets. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

REV. SPRAGUE, Pastor.

SACRAMENTO.—First Unitarian Society, Pioneers' Hall. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M.

REV. CHAS. P. MASSEY, Pastor.

SAN BERNARDINO.—Church of the Unity, Davis' Hall. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M.

REV. ELI FAY, D. D., Pastor.

SAN DIEGO.—First Unitarian Church, corner Ninth and D Streets. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

REV. B. F. McDANIEL, Pastor.

SAN FRANCISCO.—First Unitarian Church, corner Franklin and Geary Streets. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:45 A. M.

REV. HORATIO STEBBINS, D. D., Pastor.

The Unity Mission, corner Twenty-first and Howard Streets. Services every Sunday at 7:45 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

REV. THOMAS VAN NESS, Pastor.

SAN JOSE.—First Unitarian Church, Odd Fellows Hall, corner Santa Clara and Third Streets. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

REV. N. A. HASKELL, Pastor.

SANTA BARBARA.—Unity Chapel, opposite Arlington Hotel. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

REV. P. S. THACHER, Pastor.

VENTURA.—Unitarian Mission.

REV. W. S. DEVOL, Pastor.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—Church of our Father, opposite "The Portland" Hotel. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

REV. THOS. L. ELIOT, Pastor.

REV. M. A. WILBUR, Assistant Pastor.

Scandinavian Unitarian Church, Columbia Hall, 128½ First Street. Services are held every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

JOHN L. ERICKSEN, Pastor.

SALEM.—First Unitarian Society, Unity Church. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12:30 P. M.

REV. H. H. BROWN, Pastor.

WASHINGTON.

FAIRHAVEN.—Unitarian Mission, G. A. R. Hall, Services Sunday at 7:45 P. M.

MACMILLEN.—First Unitarian Church. Services every other Sunday at 3 P. M.

A. D. HALE, in charge.

OLYMPIA.—First Unitarian Society, Tacoma Hall, corner Fourth and Columbia Streets. Services Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M.

REV. NAPOLEON HOAGLAND, Pastor.

OCOSTA.—Unity Mission.

REV. N. HOAGLAND in charge.

PUVALLUP.—Unitarian Society, Odd Fellows' Hall. Services at 11 A. M.

REV. HERMAN HAUGERUD, Pastor.

SEATTLE.—First Unitarian Church, Eighth St. near Union. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12:15 A. M.

REV. WM. G. ELIOT, Pastor.

SPOKANE.—Unitarian Church. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:25 P. M.

REV. A. G. WILSON, Pastor.

TACOMA.—First Unitarian Society, Tacoma Av. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:30 P. M.

REV. W. E. COPELAND, Pastor.

WHATCOM.—Unitarian Mission. Services Sunday at 11 A. M.

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